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BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN-CH



SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES

COMPRISING

I Great Variety of Aclo Music and Hymns

EXPRESSLY FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TOOETHER WITH MANY OF THE BEST OF THE WELL KNOWN SABBATH SCHOOL PIECES

BY WM. B. BRADBURY, AUTHOR OF "THE JUBILEE," "ORIGIA," AND MANY OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

NEW YORK:

IVISON, PHINNEY & COMPANY.

CHICAGO: 8. O. GRIGGS & OCMPANY.

1861.

PREFACE.

THE design of this book is doubtless generally understood, viz., to furnish a pleasing variety of good NEW music and hymns composed and arranged expressly for the Sabbath School, at a very

moderate price.

The largest, most complete and perfect Hymn and Tune Book ever made for Sabbath Schools is deabtleds the Oriola, a book that has now become the standard text-book of thousands of Sabbath Schools throughout the country. We do not pretend to compete with this popular work, nor do we ask those using it to lay it aside for a single day. We simply ask, 1st, that those who feel that riore very and popular music would enliven and interest their school, try the Golden Chain, and 2ndl , that those who feel that they must have a low priced book to commence with, try the GOLDEN

Of one thing we feel quite sure, viz., that a' those who have used for any considerable time the CHAIN, and also all who shall introduce the GOLDEN CHAIN, and also all who shall introduce the GOLDEN CHAIN as the first of these two books, w'l, whenever a more complete and extensive work is wanted, seek for the Oriola. Of the Golson Chain we will only add that for its size we believe no work can be found to compete with it in varioty and attractiveness, and in freshness and popularies of melody and words.

Id IN LIGHT OF THE MUSIC.—The effect of a stirring, popular place of music, is often lost by a misconception of the rower at intended for it by the author. To effectually avoid any such misconception, a very simple method has been depited, by which the proper movement of each piece is exactly indicated, without the use of a Metro name. It will be observed that directions, partly in figures are given to the different pieces at their beginning,

as "24 - , we to the measure," &c. &c. The meaning of which is,

To eastring and attach a light weight to one end of it, and hold the other between the thumb and finger at a distance of twe sty-four inches, from the fulcrum, (the thumb and finger). Set the weight in motion, oscillating, Exo the jan intern to the clock, and now these two vibrations mark the time of a measure of the music. This then to the exponentian, -" string twenty-four inches long, two vibrations to the measure."

"20 - () ie to each quarter note," &c. &c. means that you should hold the string, twenty inches from the weight, a tit vibrating, and one vibration to each quarter note indicates the exact movement of that piece.

By this simple process, and without the necessity of a Metronome, the teachers or leaders of the singing can "time ' the different pieces at home, so that in taking them up with the children, he will not be under the necess-

Ity of questing at the proper movement.

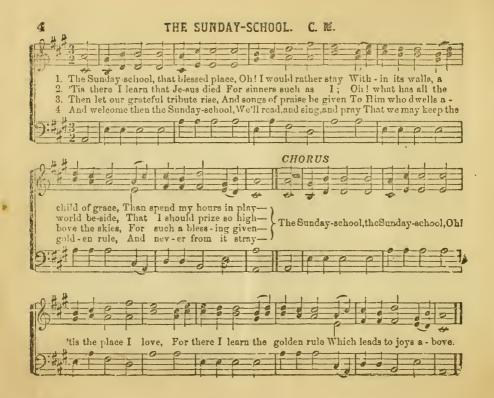
Horing hat the Golden Chain may prove a diessing to many,—that every link may be found sound and of the pure stretai, and the the whole may prove strong enough to bind together in one Larmonic band all the dear ones of the braze hold as I Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love and tong. God spend /a

NOTICE.—Much the largest proportion of the Music and Poetry in this book has teen composed, written and arranged, expressly for it, and having been "Entered according to Act of Congress," by the author, is his copyright property. Persons desirous of reprinting one or more of these pieces, for Sabbath School Anniversaries, or for any other purpose, MUST FIRST OBTAIN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR. Reprinting them without such permission would be an infringement upon the copyright, and any person so trespassing will be held accountable.



3. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteom,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord. &co.

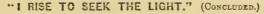
4. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His hosom glow with love,
Frause the Lord, &c.





- 3. Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home, The large, or the little, who never have come? Oh. I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.
- 4. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street, Fil ask them to come, the next time that we meet; Who knows but among them I'll get one, or two, For all that I can, I'n, datermined to do.
- 5. Out there in the lot where I pass every day. How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play! If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two, To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.
- 6. Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go; What glory and blessedness then I shall know! But I want in that glory that mean may share,— That one, two, yes, all I can take, usy be thare.







COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.

[2d Hz.08

1. Contz, children, raise your voices high, Your Saviour's love proclaim, And with the choirs of earth and sky Unite to praise his name: Sing how he left the realms of light, Where the bright angels dwell, And, passing through death's gloomy night, Redeemed the world, Bedeemed the world from hell.

2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's scraphic throng,
And offer in our carthly days
To Christ our grateful song:

And oh that all would join to sing That Saviour's love, who came, Mankind from chains of sin to bring To liberty, To liberty sgain!

For Hosely again.

Then loud hosannas to our King,
Jesus, eternal God!
Let earth with joyous anthems ring.
To spread his fame abroad;
Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous sway,
And all unite to hasten on
The great, the great,
Tho great millennial day,

DUKE STREET. L. M.





Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
 God speed the right!
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right!

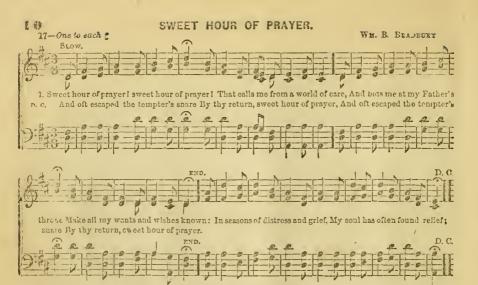
4. Still their onward course pursuing
God speed the right!
Every fee at length subdaing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er deiny it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!



 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call obey—none are tardy then; Nor will I forget that it is my rule
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school. 4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er. And these happy hours shall return no more; Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule Never to be late at the Sabbath school

DISMISSION. 89, 78 & 49.

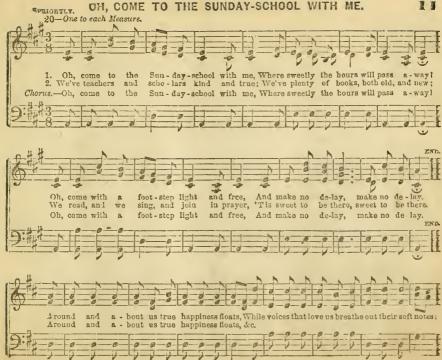
| U | | nd a - do - ra - tion. For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fre | |
|-----|---------------------|---|--------------------------|
| | | 10 signal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way, Borne, on | |
| | | | |
| 7/1 | - N. 9 - FF AD | | Ro |
| 5.社 | | 12-21-01-0-01-0-0-0-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1- | |
| 4 | : " - % . "13 () Fe | deeming grace; O, re-fresh us, O, re-fresh us, Traveling of lives a-bound; May thy presence, May thy presence With us | entough this withdornion |
| | Glad the summer | is to o bey May we ever, May we ever Reign with | Christ in end-less day. |

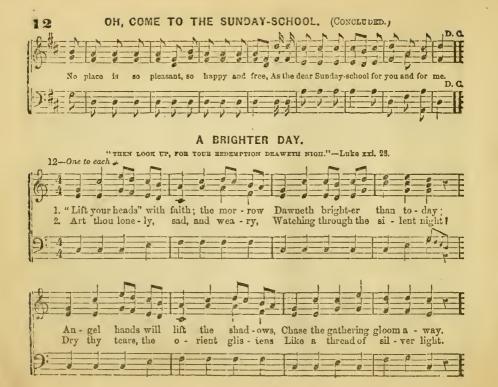


Thy wings shall my petition bear. To him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless: And since he bids me seek his face. Believe his word, and trust his grace,

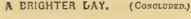
?: I'll east on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

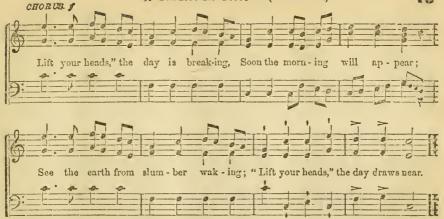
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer May I thy consolation share: Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize; : And shout, while passing through the air. Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.







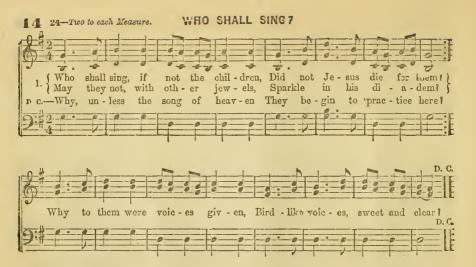




- 8. Does the night seem long and weary-Dangers threatening 'long the way ! Joy will soon return to bless thee, Soon will dawn a brighter day. Chorus-" Lift your heads," &c.
- & What, though wars and earth's commotions Try your faith, and cause dismay; God, your Father, rules the nations, He will send a brighter day. Chorus-" Lift your heads," &c.
- 5. Let the heart be cheered with gladness. Though the sun is veiled from sight: See! the stars are brightly beaming Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking. See the shadows flee away ; See I the earth from slumber waking, "Lift your heads!" behold the day!



2.

There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels eease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Le not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

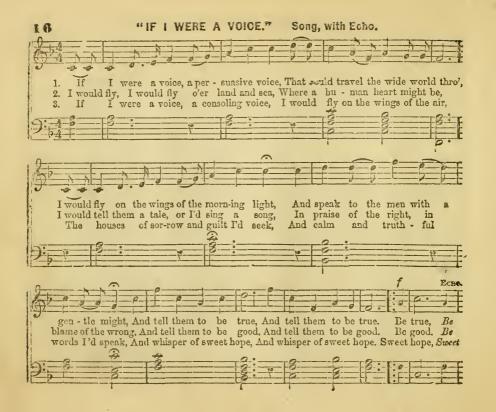
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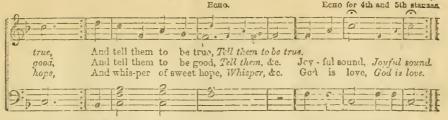
Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will be, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove!
Oh! they can not sing too carly!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, thez, why should not they?



Chorus -Then let us naste, &c.

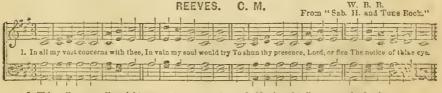
Chorus -Then let us haste de-





4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (Echo, Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, And point to the realize above; I would fly, I would fly over city and town, And drop like a happy funtight down, And whisper, God is love. God is love. (Echo, God is love.) And whisper, God is love. Echo.—Whisper, God is love.



Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My riving and my rest;
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

 My thoughts lie open to the Lord, Refore they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word, Ho knows the sense I mean.

GATHER THEM IN-15 "GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."-Luke xiv. 16. 15-Two to each Measure. WITH PEOMPTNESS AND ANIMATION. 1. Ga - ther them in, ga-ther them in. Ga - ther the chil - dren chil - dren 2. Ga-ther them in, ga-ther them in, Ga - ther the May be sung as a Duet. Gather them in from the broad highway. Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in in this Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, gather them in: Gather them in Gather them in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, both the Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in, gather them in: Gather them in with a CHORUS. Ga - ther, ga - ther them in: cos - pel day. Ga - ther, ga - ther them Gather them in, let the house be full, ev - ery cast, and lame. Ga - ther, ga - ther them in: Gather them in, let the house be full, &c. will - ing mind. Ga - ther, ga - ther them in.





- 3. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; Gather them in that are seeking rest, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in from the East and West,
- Gather, gather them in.
 Gather them in that are roaming about,
- Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in from the North and South, Gather, gather them in.
 - cr, gather them in. Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

- 4. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in:
- Gather them in from all over the land, Gather them in, gather them in:
- Gather them in to our noble band, Gather, gather them in:
- Gather them in with a Christian love,
- Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in for the Church above, Gather, gather them in.
 - Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home
But he forgives my follies past
He gives me strength for days to come,

3. I lay my body down to eleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

20 FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s. home Mission Song."
18—Two to each Measure.



- 1. I wish that I could tell them
 How Jesus came to dio,
 When he for little children
 Left his bright throne on high;
 And all the sad, sad story
 Of sorrow which he bore,
 When for his crown of glory
 A crown of thorns he wore.
 Chorus.—Far out, etc.
- And se each morn and evening. Whene'er I kneel in prayer, I'll ask the gracious Saviour To send his gospel there; That in the glorious city In which he dwells above, We all may sing together Of his redeeming love. Chorus.—Far out, etc.

MILLENNIUM SONG.

- 1. Resoun, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear,
 The evening is advancing,
 And midnight now is near;
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he draweth nigh;
 Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

 Cho—Rejoice, etc.
- See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil, And wait for your salvetion— The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet him, as he cometh, With Hallelnjahs clear. Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

3. Ye wise and holy virgins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in the songs of Jubitee, They meet the angel cheir. The marriage feast is waiting, The doors wide open stand, Be ready, then, to meet him, The Bridegroom is at hand,

Cho .- Rejoice, etc.

4. Ye saints, who here in patience Your cross and sufficings bore. Shall live and relgn for ever, When sorrow is no more. Around the throne of glory, The Lamb ye shall behold. In triumph east before illim Your diadems of gold!

Cho .- Rejoice, eta.

5. Our Hope and Expectation, O Jesus 1 now appear; Arise, thou Sun, so longed for, O'er this benighted sphere! With hearts and hands uplifted, We plead, O Lord, to see The day of earth's redemption, That brings us unto thee! Cho.-Rejoice, etc.

DOZOLOGY.

To thee be praise for ever
Thou glorious King of kings?
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all 'thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love,

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.





That the havee of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

Chows.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave.

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and 'he war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescaed laud
Praise the power that bath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In Goo is our trust!"
Charles—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall were

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

See also hymn. The blest Gospel Banner, to this tune, on page v



Music by WM. B. BRADBORY. Words by A. A. SMITH.



The heavenly message flies

With pardon full to give-That all who look may live.

On Calv'ry's heights, ou Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love behold!

8. On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads.

For rebels intercedes: He sets the captive free, A son and heir to be.

On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights nazing love behold !

2. On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies! 4. To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring; Permit them there to eling, Forbid them not. He cries. Of such my kingdom is.

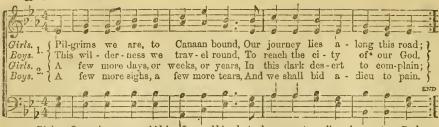
> On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love behold!

5. On Calv'ry's heights Faith spreads her eager wings,

While hope exultant sings; Love doth the conquest win. Victor of death and sin

On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights. Amazing love behold l





D. O. Girls.—Our robes are wash'd in 'Je-sus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.



O blessed land I O happy land I
 When shall we reach thy golden shore?
 And one relee us I, unbroken band
 United be for everyone.
 Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

4. And if our robes are pure and white, May we all reach that blest abode? O yes, they all shall dwell in light Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.

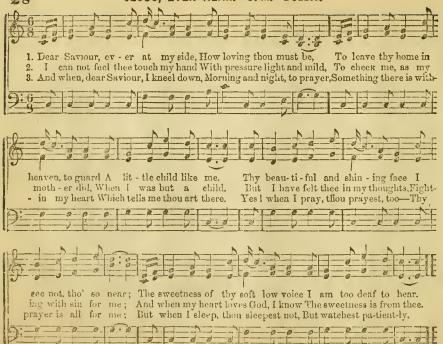
se robes are washed in Jesus' b Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c. 5. We all shall reach that golden shore If here we watch, and fight, and pray; Straight is the way, and straight the door, And none but pilgrims in I the way. Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

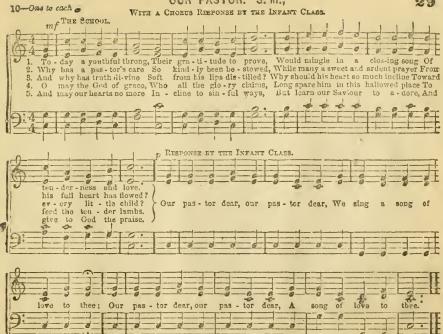
O may we meet at last above
 Amid the 'loly blood washed throng,
 And sing for ever Jesus' love,
 While saints and angels join the song.
 Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &



2. Fight on, ye little soldlers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldlers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And be has vanquished sin.—Chorus,

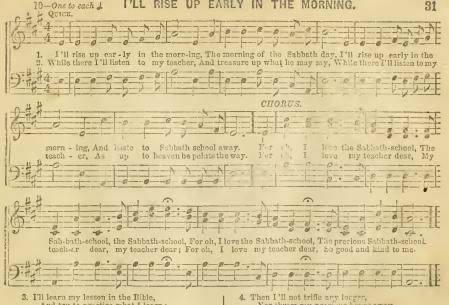
3. And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his pruise for ever,
You shall sing his pruise for ever,
In (anan's happy land.—Ohorses





^{*} The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at Et. George's Church, New York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milner The response has been addes as an appropriate " Refrain" for the little ones.





And try to practice what I learn; I'll learn my lesson in the Bible. And every sinful way will shun. For oh, I love that blessed book, That blessed book, that blessed book, For oh, I love that blessed book, So full of grace and truth.

Nor throw my precious hours away. Then I'll not trifle any longer, But go to Christ without delay ; And dwell with him in heaven above. In heaven above, in heaven above-And dwell with him in heaven above, A heaven of joy and love.



- 2. A hame in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.
 Charts.—Our home, &c.
- 6. A home in beaven! when the faint heart bleeds, By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds; Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven, Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven. Chorus.—A home, &c.
- 5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fied. To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead. We wait in hope on the promise given; We will meet up there, in our home in heaven. Chorus.—Our home, &c.
- 6. Our home in heaven! O the glorious home! And the Spirit joined with the Bride says, come;— Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven, And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven. Chortes.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."







3. Shall we sing with holy angels In that land ? Shall we sing with holy angels

In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Saints and angels sing for ever Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to sing, and love for ever In that happy land !

4. Shall we rest from eare and sorrow, In that land?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow, In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall rest for ever Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children In that land ?

Shall we meet our dear, lost children In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Children meet and sing for ever Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6. Shall we meet our Christian parents In that land ?

Shall we meet our Christian parents In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Parents and children meet together Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers In that land ? Shall we meet our faithful teachers

In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that laud, that happy land Teachers and scholars meet together,

Far beyond the rolling river, &c. 8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour In that land?

Shall we know our blessed Saviou" In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy . We shall know our blessed Saviour Far beyond the rolling river, Love and serve him there for sver,

In that happy land!





- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
 There is rest, &c.
- 8. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 There is rest, &c.

- 4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 There is rest, &c.
- 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zian's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through
 There is rest, &c.



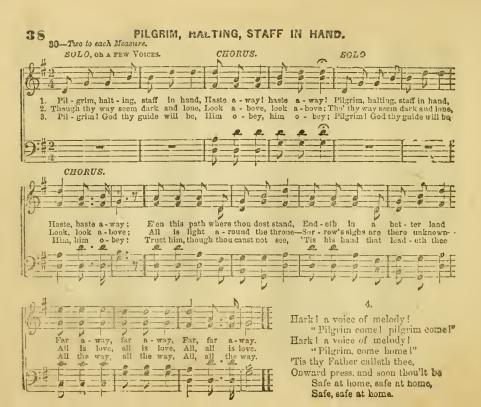


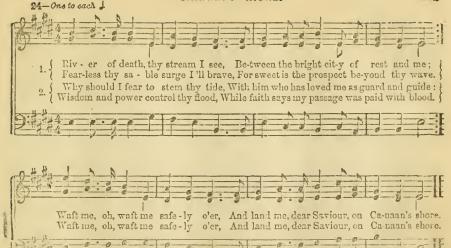
TEMPERANCE HYMN.

- 1. O'En the dark abodes of sorrow,
 Cheered by no reviving ray,
 Brightly temperance arising,
 Brings a bright and glorious day.

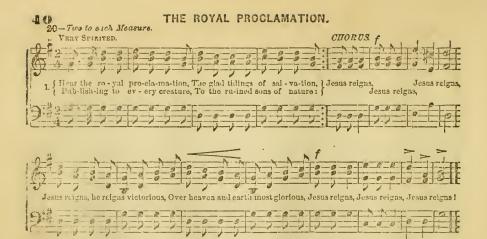
 Cherus.—There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for all.
 - 2. Thousands long in bondage groaning, Hail the bright and glorious light;

- See from eastern ecast to western Quickly fly the shades of night.
- May the heart-reviving story,
 Win and conquer—never cease—
 May the ranks of temperance ever
 Multiply and still increase.
- 4. Now the trump of temperance sounding, Rouse 1 ye freemen! why dolay? Let your voices, all resounding, Welcome on the happy day.

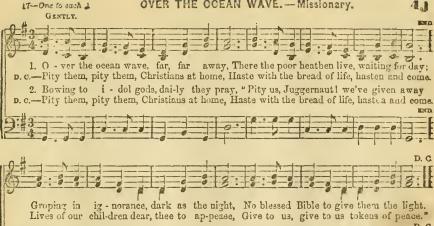




- What is it gills thy darksome foam,
 Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
 Music that theills my soul to hear,
 Beems floating me over thy surface drear.
 Waft me. &c.
- 4. Help me, I feel the waters rice,
 Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
 Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
 Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
 Waft me, do



- See the royal banner flying, Hear the heralds loudly crying, "Rebel sinners, royal favor Now is offered by the Saviour." Charus—Jesus reigns, &c.
- 2. "Here is wine, and milk, and honey; Come, and purchase without money; Mercy flowing from a fountain, Streaming from the hely mountain." Chorus—Jesus reigns, &co
- Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
 To the bounds of the creation;
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
 The Almighty Prince of Zion.
 Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.
- 5. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention, Christ hath purchased our redemption, Angels, shout the pleasing story, Through the brighter worlds of glory. Chorus—Jesus reigns, de



Here, a this mappy land, we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright:

Ehall we not send to them Bibles to read. Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

Chorus .- Pity them. &c.

Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring.

List! as that heathen band joyfully sing, "Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding w home."

Chorus .- Pity them &c

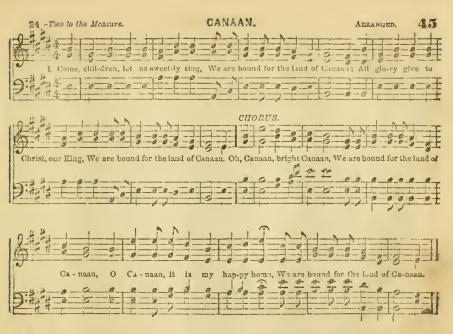


The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
Look sloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,.
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

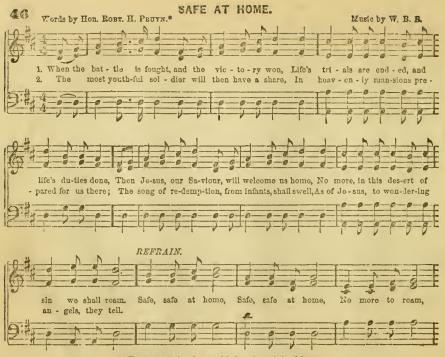
 And, on! when death comes, in his terror to cast, His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, look gloth, and depart.







 Come then and join our happy band, We are bound for the land of Cansan;
 To ever dwell at Christ's right hand, We are bound for the land of Cansan, Chorus.—O Cansan, &c. Then louder still our songs shall rise— We are bound for the land of Canaan; When we are far beyond the skies— We are bound for the land of Canaan. Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.



. The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

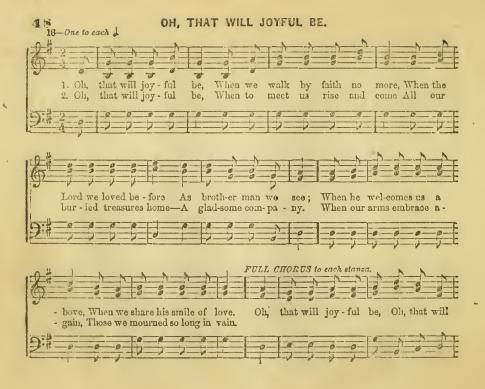


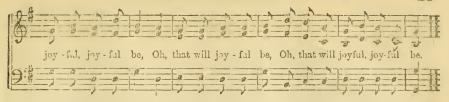
- Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
 The erown of our Saviour, we'll ever adorn,
 More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
 For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.
- 4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
 For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
 Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
 For God will be known and for ever adored.



Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuncful parts to bear,
 With silent string, neglected hung,
 On willow trees that withered there.

8. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Ehall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?





3. Oh, that will joyful be, When the foes we dread to meet, Every one beneath our feet We tread triumphantly. When we never more can know Slightest touch of pain or woe. Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

4. Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what uone can tell,
And the ringing chorus swelf
Of angels' melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.





2. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Preezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Chorus—Glery, hallelujah, &c.

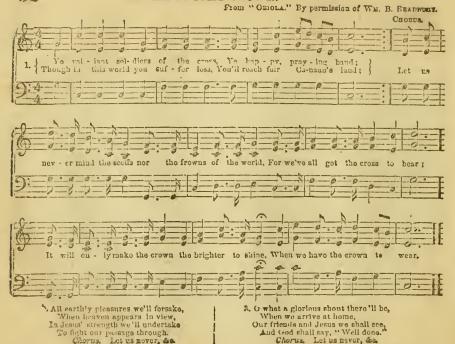
4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled eea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &a.





2 Tis an hour of happy meeting, Children meet for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleeting, Let us then be early there.
020.—Come, children, come! &c. 3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
CHO.—Come, children, come!

4 Children, hastel the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Ozo.—Come, children, come i



HEAVENLY CANAAN,

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cust a wishful eye To Canzan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Ohorus.-Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

- 2 O'er all those wide extended-plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Son, torever relgns, And scatters night away.
- 8. No chilling winds nor pois nous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Bickness and serrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
- When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest! When shall I see my Father's face, And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN.

Tuene is a clime where Jesus reigns,
 A home of grace and love,
 Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
 Of his redeeming love.

Thorus. -Let us never mind the scoffs, &c. &c.

- And children, too, will join to bless
 The precious Saviour's name,
 Cinthed in his perfect righteousness,
 And saved from sin and shame.
- 8. Yet all, alis! may not be there,
 For some will slight his grace;
 Now, though he calls, they do not care
 To turn and seek his face.

4. He says to all "Come unto me, And I will give you rest." Oh! linger net, but basic to be With his salvation blest,

THE BLEST GOSPEL RANNER

Music,-" The Star Spangled Banner." r. 33.

 It flist was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plair Where shepherds their lone starry night-www.ch were keeping:

And Judea's hills echoed back the refrain,
White God's chosen race all unconscious were sleep-

As angelic bands lifted high in their hands 'the standard which yet was to conquer all sards, O say, does the blost gospel banner yet wave

Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?
2. Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it flowed for

years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the
ages,

At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkoaed with tears.

*With which martyrs recorded their names on oarth's pages.

Now hath vanished the night, and we hall the glad light, Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight.

Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave

Over altars, and homes, and the path to the grave!

And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
 Who hard on our cause their flerce imprecations,
 For God helps to triumph in his holy mucht,
 The men who will sarve him through all generations

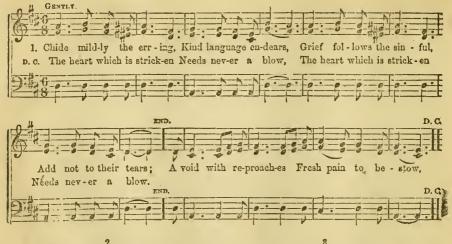
And when dust to first shall return as it must,
May we praise him forever, who now is our trust.
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave,

Over altars and homes, and the nath to the grave!

KATE CAMERON.



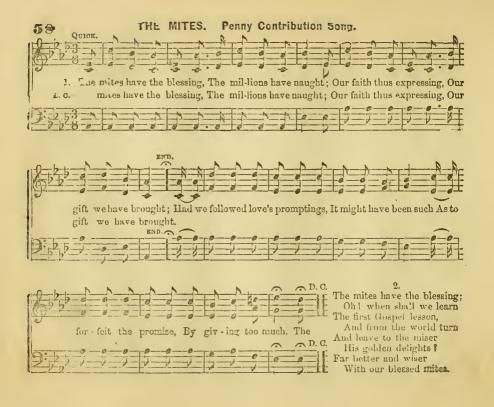




Thide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearrisome way.

Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.









2

We wish our teachers a happy New Year, We wish our teachers, wish our teachers

A happy, happy New Year.

We wish our superintendent a happy New Year.

3.

We wish our superintendent a happy New Year, We wish our superintendent, wish our superin-A happy, happy New Year. [tendent, 4.

We wish our pastor a happy New Year, We wish our pastor, wish our pastor A happy, happy New Year.

Б

We wish our country a happy New Year, We wish our country, wish our country A happy, happy New Year.

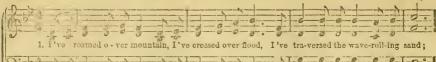
6

God bless our land this happy New Year, God bless our land, God bless our land, This happy, happy New Year.





WM. B. BEADSHEY.





D. s. Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.





%. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, 13. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love, Apillor at eyes have smiled and looked bland; Where flourishes Liberty's tree: Yet brippier tir mere the hours that I passed

In the west-in my own native land.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Tet haviner far were the hours, &c.

'Tla the birth-piace of Freedom, our own native home, 'T is the land, 't is the land of the free

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, "T is the birth-place of Freedom &c.

THE BIBLE

L TRANK God for the Eible! 't is there that we find The story of Christ and his love-

Kow he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the mansions of glory above;

Thanks to him we will bring, Praise to him we will sing,

For he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the mansions of glory above.

M While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind.

And to mourners his blessings were given; And he said let the little ones come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus cal's us to come, He's prepared us a home.

For he said let the little ones come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven,

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;

For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, And 'tis there he's prepared us a Lome, Jesus calls, shall we stay? No! we'll gladly obey.

For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

Le Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth Wo'll seatter with a bountiful hand;

But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.

There with angels we'll sing,

and its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell, In heaven—that beautiful had.

MY DEAR SUNDAY ECHCOL.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleamed on two. Some give the sweet Subbath of rest:

But away with all sports, or pleasures so valt,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the tes.

My dear Sunday school is the bree

But away with all sports, or pleasures to ve'a.

For my dear Sunday school is the best.

2. I love my companions, I by a yearth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity bast:

Yet better by far is the sweet beloch morn, For my dear Sunday school is the best, My dear Sanday school is the best,

My dear Sunday sels of is the best.

Yet better by far is the swept Sabbath morn, For my dear Sunday acheol is the best.

t. Howe the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flower In beauty so charmagly dressed;

But there's purer delight in the still enered hours,

For my dear Sunday school is the best, My dear Sunday school is the best, My dear Sunday school is the best,

But there's purer delight in the still sorred hours, For my doar Sunday school is the best

4. Then I'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I lava Bright emblems of heavenly test;

Thou Guide of my youth—thou Seviour divise!

Oh, bring me to share in that rest, Bring me to share in that rest, Bring me to share in that rest.

Then Guide of my youth—then Saviour divine?
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,



* The first marement may appropriately be sung by the Teachers or Choir, with the response (Nosanna) by Scholars. For a Concert, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a Semi-chorus out of sight, repeat the Annas' so gifty as to give the impression of a Choir, at a great distance.



2. I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on. For my journey's end is near, I must be gone. Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away: Pleasures that for ever live-I can not stay.

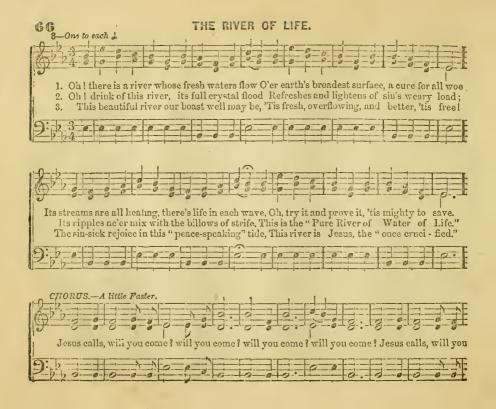
8. I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band-All, all are there. Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad ; Where the glory is for all, And all are glad.

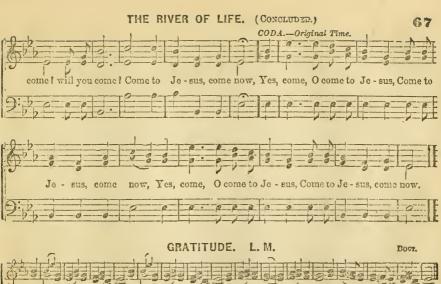
4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair: Farewell, all I 've loved below-I must be there. Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign : Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,

If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler-eall me not-Upward my way; Yonder is my rest and lot: I can not stay. Farewell, earthly pleasures all. Pilgrim I'll roam; Hall me not-in vain you call

Yonder's my home.





- 1. My God' how endless is thy lovel

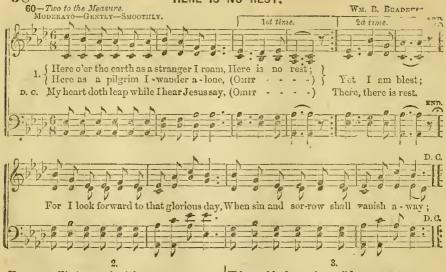
 Thy gifts are every evening new;

 And morning mercies from above, Gently dis-till, like ear-ly dew.
 - Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

vield my powers to thy command, To thee I consecrate my days; arpetual blessings, from thy hand, Benand parpetual songs of praise.



HERE IS NO REST.



Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest;

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,

Yet I am blest.

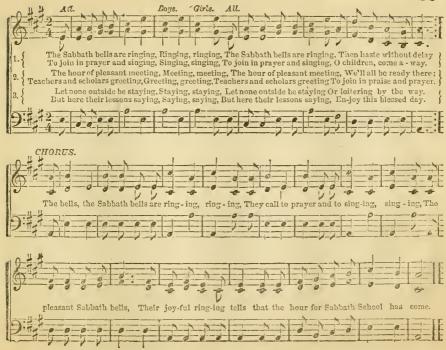
Sweet is the promise I read in his word, Blessed are those who have died in the Lord, They have been called to receive their reward. This world of care is a wilderness state.

Here is no rest;

Here must I bear from the world all its hate. Yet I am blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released, Soon shall the weary for ever be blest, Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—

There, there is rest.





He redeemed us by his grace. Then prepared in heaven a place To receive-to receive All who will believe.

Saviour! when our time shall come. Take us to our heavenly home, There we'll raise notes of praise, Through unending days.

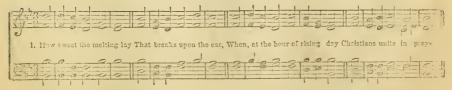
TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL

EARLY rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away,
'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule,
Go to Sabbath school.

- 2. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
 Hew I love the Sabbath school!
 Let us go, let us go,
 Wiser still to grow.
 Here we read, and sing, and pray,
 Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
 Ilie away, hie away,
 On this holy day.
- Children here, entlaren nere,
 Come to learn, obey, and fear;
 Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
 Read his hely word.
 Thus shall love and filial fear
 Mingle with devotion here,
 Pressing on, pressing on,
 Youth will soon be gone.
- 4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
 Will obey and love the truth;
 Walk therein, walk therein,
 Turning from all sin.
 Then, when age and death come on,
 We may safely lean upon
 Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
 Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

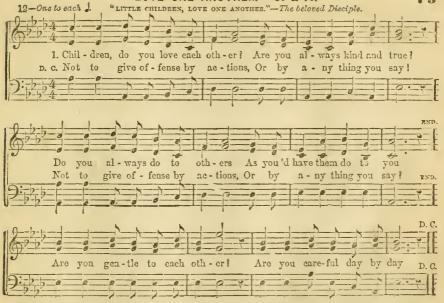


 The breezes waft their cries, Up to Jehovah's throne;
 He listens to their bursting sighs, And sends his blossings down.

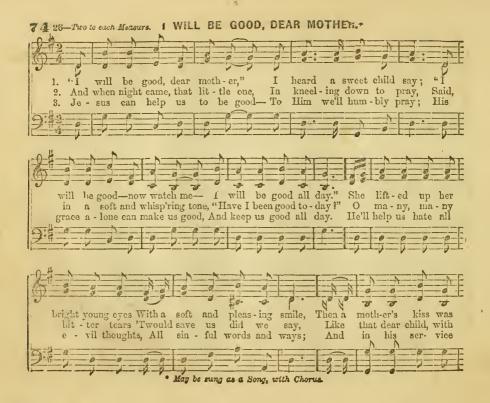
So Jesus rose to pray,
 Before the morning light;
 Once on the chilling mount did stay,
 And wreste all the night.

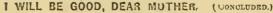


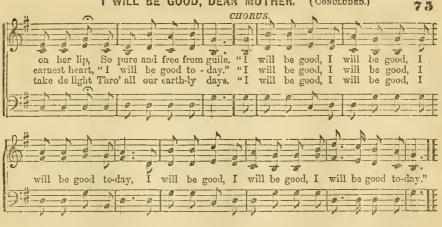
Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light, spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning, Jesus is risen on high; Jesus is risen, Jesus is risen on high, Hail, hail, children adore him,
llere, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.



 Little ehildren, love each other— Never give another pain;
 If your brother speak in anger, Answer not in wrath again. Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.:



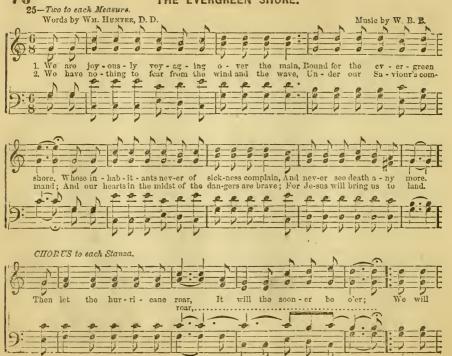




C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY 1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men. To glory or de - spair.

ALEXANDER.

2. There is a line, by us unseen, That crosses every path; The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath. 8. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end? and where begin The confines of despair?





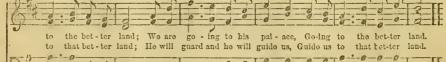
- Nothing can baffie his skill: And his voice when the thundering harricano rolls,
 - Can make the loud tempest be still .- Chorus.
- 4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Send not a glimmering ray,
 - Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon. Will drive all our terror away .- Chorus.
- 8. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls: , 5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave. Fearfully overhead break :
 - There is one by our side that can comfort and save ;-There's one who will never forsake - Chorus
 - 6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal. Sink to be seen never more:
 - He will bear, none the less, every passenger sonl. Safe, safe to the evergreen shore .- Chorus.

PETERBOROUGH.



2. Night unto night his name repeats, The day renews the sound; Wide as the heaven, on which he sits, To turn the sessons round.

3. 'T is he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to fame. And yet his wreth delays.



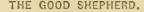
Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for In that faraff, better land? Gills. Spotless robes and crowns of glory

From a Saviour's loving hand.

We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Gibls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,

All. Come, oh come, and do not leave a Christ is waiting to receive us, Christ is waiting to receive us, In that bright, that better land.







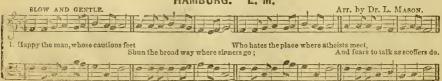
Gibls. Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.

Boys. Though rough the path, and thorny,
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

GIELS. The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call.
Boys. For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.

Chorus.—Then come. &c.

HAMBURG. L. M.



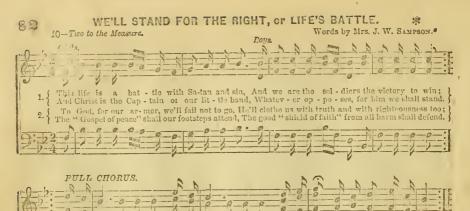
 He loves t'employ his morning light, Among the statutes of the Lord, And spends the wakeful hours of night, With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

 He, like a plant by gentle streams, Shall flourish in immortal green; And heaven will shine, with kindest beams, On every work his hands begun.



2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, etronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail mo,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the apprit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy proteoting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guart from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.



We will stand for the right, We will stand for the right, We will stand, we will stand for the right.

3.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps
bright,

Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.

Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

The little temptations (the worst ones of all) Will often beset us, to make us to fall;

We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er.

For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.

Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

. From " Sabbath Chimes."





^{*} Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant classes may sing it in like manner.

- 3. There angel forms in fadeless youth,

 (Our treasures are in heaven—)

 Obey the God of love and truth,

 (Our treasures are in heaven.)

 Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.
- 4. There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
 (Our trensures are in heaven—)
 Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)
 Chorus.—O. Jerusalem, &c.
- 5. There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,

 (Our treasures are in heaven—)

 Triumphant chant their holy psalms,

riumphant chant their holy psalms, (Our treasures are in heaven.) Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

- And roll the anthem of their joy, (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Like mighty thunders through the sky, (Our treasures are in heaven.)
 Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.
- 7. Our palace there already waits,

 (Our treasures are in heaven—)

 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,

 (Our treasures are in heaven.)

 Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.
- 8. We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Our mansions in Jerusalem,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)

 Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear—
 For there's a crown for me,





The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Hight in the Window." Aboy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a windowed mother, carrying home his carnings at night. "One night," he says, "to being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to invel, and a heavy bundle to enery, I did not reach home until late: my mother, teeble and wenry, had retired, but she quickly acrossed when she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kits, and waroure tears, and a 'dod bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you,' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and Oli how it cheered my heart ever after, or years. Henth failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could bein mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and of the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. "Fell him I have good to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"







3.

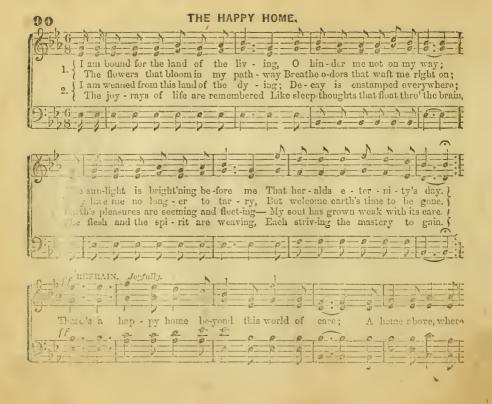
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, buther, All your journey o'er life's troubled sea, Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat se-

There's a light in the window for thee. Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beeken you over the
stream.

There's a light in the window for thee.





No longer a pilgrim to roam,

But, leaving the past in this death-land,

Make the land of the living my home.

The museenger-angel stands waiting,

The signal to whisper to me.

That the place is prepared for my dwelling,

And the Master is calling for me.

3. I am waiting the summons that bids me

4. The land of the living is youder;

There life to its fullness has grown;

There sin, and temptation, and somer,

And sickness, and death are unknown.

There the songs of redempting a command

By a holy, harmonious bull;

O, when shall I leave this ever castet,

And fly to my home in that land?



And realms of endless day .- Refrain.

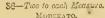
When I thy joys shall see .- Refrain.



 Spirits blest are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round; Spirits blest are hovering round, Then Christian, never fear.—Refrain. Dear friends are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round; Dear friends are hovering round, Then Christian, never fear.—Refram.



 Thou hast promised to receive us, Foor and shiful thoreit we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free, blossed desus, early turn & thee. 4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.



Response by Scholars. Teachers.

Teachers.

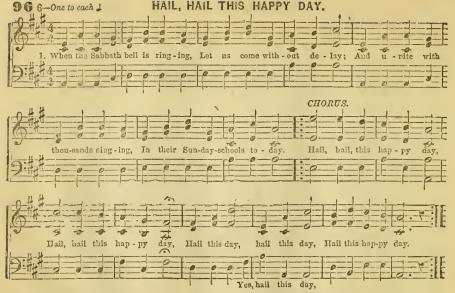


Teach. - When before the Judge we wait, Who will open heaven's gate! Schol .- Jesus Christ, our Advocate: Alt .- Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Schol.-Jesus, blessed Jesus.

3 ach .- Who in heaven shall we love best! Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus,

At his feet our crowns we'll fling, While with rapturous songs we sing Schol,-Jesus Christ, our Saviour King, All .- Jeaus, blessed Jesus.



- These are kappy hours of meeting, When we hear the voice of prayer; But these hours are short and fleeting: Let us then be early there.—Chorus.
- We shall keep our teachers waiting,
 If we tarry by the way;
 Or disturb the school reciting,
 On this holy Sabbath day.—Chorus.

- 4. Here the blessed gospel shows us
 All its precious stores of truth;
 And the Holy Spirit woos us
 From transgression in our youth.—Chorus
- When the Sabbath bell is ringing, Let us to the school repair, That we may unite in singing, And together kneel in prayer.—Chorus.



Cno .- I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,

I want to yo where Jesus is, I want to go there too

- Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satso's rage, And face a frowning world. Charas.—I want to go.
- Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall— May I but safely reach my homo, My God, my heaven, my ali. Uhorus.—I want to go.
- There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast,
 Chorus.—I want to ro.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

- There's a fold where none can stray, And pastures ever green, Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or night, is never soon.
- 2. Far up the everlasting hills, in God's own light it lies; His smile its vast dimension fills With joy that never dies.

- One narrow vale, one darksome wave, Divides that land from this;
 I have a Shepherd phelged to save, And bear no home to bliss.
- 4. Soon at his feet my soul will lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall only seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
- Far from this guilty wor'd, to be Exempt from tell and strife;
 To spend eternity with thee, My Saviour, this is life.

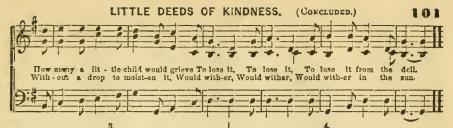
CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

- See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all ongazing charms;
 Hark! how he calls the render lambs
 And folds them in his arms.
- "Permit them to approach," he crica, Nor scorns their humble name;
 For twas to bless such souls as these.
 The Lord of angels came.
- Ob! let us then with pleasure hear, And seek the Saviour's face;
 And by with transport to receir The blessings of his grace









Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
[:In talking:] ever so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do,
[For others,: by his love.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Eon, and Holy Ghost. To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in beaven



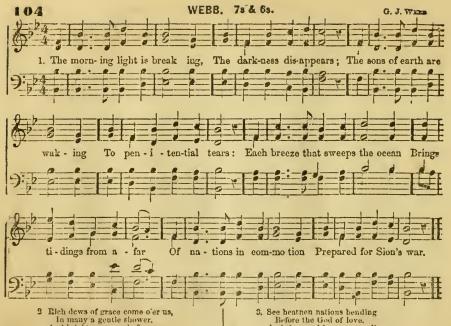
The echo, for a concert, should be performed by two voices at a distance from the others, or in an adjoining com. If not intended for a concert, it may be sung with good effect by a semi-chorus, or by all the girls.



3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

Then spread the joyful sound,
 The Saviour's love proclaim,
 And pub!ish all around,
 Salvation through his name.
 Chorus. Till all the world take up, &c.





Alch dows of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower.
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each ery to heaven going
Abandant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's biessing,
A nation in a day,

A Blest river of salvation. Pursue thy onward way: Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay: Etay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home. Stay not till all the holy

Proclaim the Lord is come.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

1. The rosy light is dawning Upon the mountain's brow. It is the Sabbath morning, Arlse and pay thy vow. Lift up thy voice to heaven In sacred praise and prayer, While unto thee is given The light of life to share.

1. The landscape, lately shrouded By evening's paler ray, Smiles beauteous and unclouded Before the eye of day. Bo let our souls, benighted Too long in folly's shade. Lord, by thy smiles be lighted To love that never fade.

a. O see those waters streaming In ervstal purity. While earth, with verdure teeming. Glves rapture to the eye. Let rivers of salvation In larger currents flow, Till every tribe and nation Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

L THE mellow eve is gliding Berenely down the west: So every care subsiding My soul would sink to rest. The wood and hum is ringing The daylight a gentle close-May angels, round me singing. Thus hymn my last repose.

2. The evening star has lighted Her crystal lamp on high: So, when in death benighted, May hope illume the sky. In golden splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break: O, on the last bright morning, May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

A STAND up !- stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross: Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss: From victory anto victory His army shall be led, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord Indeed.

2. Stand up !- stand up for Jesus! The trampet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict In this his glorious day: "Ye are the men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And atrength to atrength oppose.

8. Stand up !- stand up for Jesus! Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you-Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the Cospel armor, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls or danger Re never wanting there.

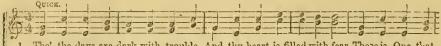
4. Stand op !-stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song: To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be: He with the King of glory Shall reign eternelly



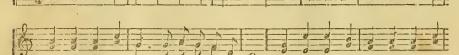
A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

30-Two to the Measure.

"FEAR NOT FOR (AM WITH THEE!"

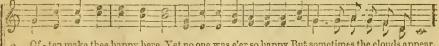


- 1. Tho' the days are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is One that
- 2. All thy prospects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the steps of
- 3. Soon will dawn a brighter morning On a blessed, tranquil shore; Sighs will then give

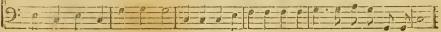


sees thee ev - er, And will hold thee near and dear. Cheerful hearts and smil-ing fa - cestime beat light-er, When the gloomy clouds depart. Ma-ny days have dawned screne-ly, place to singing, Tears to bliss for ever-more. Thou shalt see a world of glo-ry,



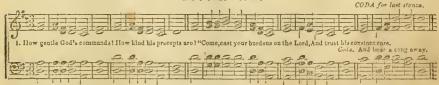


Of - ten make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so happy But sometimes the clouds appear.
While the birds sang with delight, But the skies were dark and gloomy Ere the sunhad reach'd its height.
And e - ter-nal joy and bliss; Let not then thy soul be moaning O'er the woes and eares of this.









2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell;

That hand which bears creation up. Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxlous load Press down your weary mind?

O seek your heavenly Father's threne, And peace and comfort find.

4. His goodness stands approved. Unchanged from day to day;

I'll drop my burden at his foot,

And bear a song away.



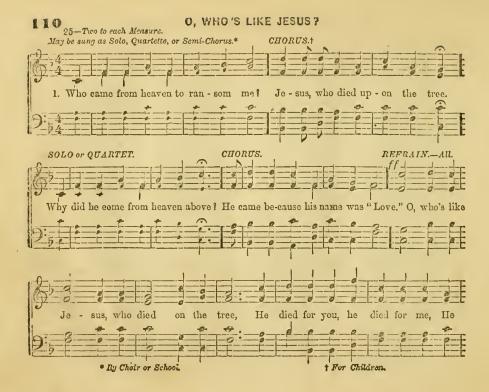
- 8. No drooping form, no tearful eye, No hoary head, no weary sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mortals may not know, Like a calm river, ever flew Oh say, will you be there;
- 4. Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear;
 While thousands thousands swell the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
 Oh say, will you be there?
- 8. Who shall be there? The lowly here— All those who serve the Lord in fear, The world's proud mockery dare?

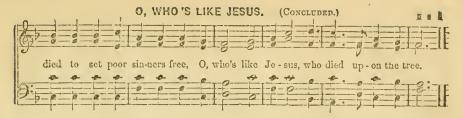
Who. by the Fiely Spirit led, Rejoice the narrow path to tread:— Oh, they shall all be there!

- 6. Those who have learnt at Jesns' cross
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that his love they share;
 Who, gazing on the Crucified,
 By faith can say, "For me he died;"
 Oh, they shall all be there!
- 7. Will you be there! You shall, you must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare.
 Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—
 With me, you shall be there!"



 I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea;
 God, be mertiful to mo! Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But thou dost all my anguish see; O God, be merciful to me!



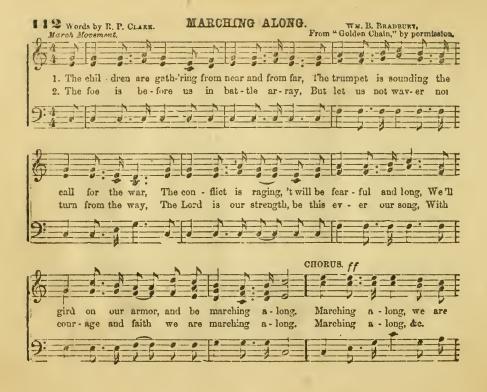


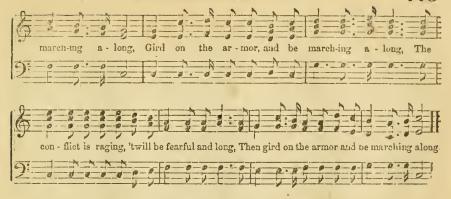
- 2. And did he die—the Son of God ?
 Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
 Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
 That we from evil might be freed.—Cho.
- 8. When he had died, what happened then?
 On the third day he rose again.
 Where did he go when he had risen?
 He went to God's right hand in heaven.—Cho.
- 4. Where is he now! Is he still there?
 Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
- · What does he pray for, and for whom?
 He prays that we to him might come.—Cho.
 - 5. Should we not come? Should we not come? Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home; Christ is the weary sinner's home—Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—Cho.



2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms nour.

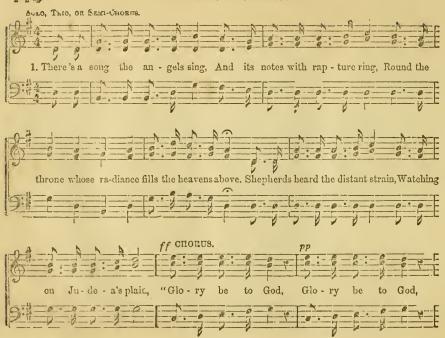
Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God





- 3. We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field, With Christ as our Captain we never will yield; The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along. Chorus.—Marching along, &c.
- 4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
 But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
 If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.

 Thorus.—Marching along, &a.





2. 'T is a song for children too;
To the Saviour 't is their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,

"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."

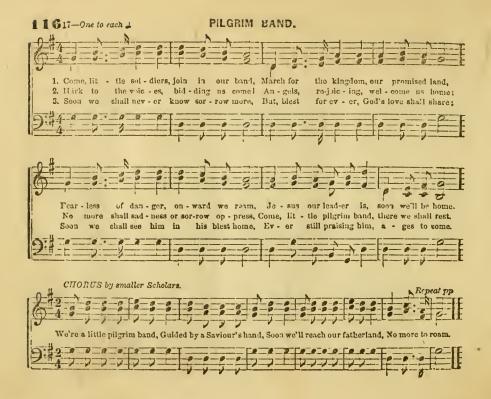
Chorus. -Through the earth, &c.

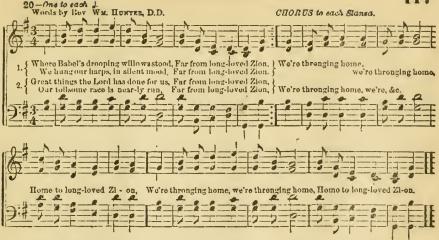
3. Soon around that throne may we With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall ease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,

Still the chorus there we'll ruise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."

Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

• For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the papetition as a response





 As streams their mighty torrents pour, Far from long-loved Zion;
 So turn our hearts to thee once more, Home to long-loved Zion.
 We're thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,

Home to long-loved Zion;

Our harps an I hearts with rapture thrill,

Home to long-loved Zion.

We're thronging home, &c.

 We soon shall reach our Futher's land, Home in long-loved Zion;
 Our feet within thy gates shall stand, Home in long-loved Zion.
 We're thronging home, &c.

 Our grateful incense to the skies, Home in long-loved Zion;
 Mingled with holv songs shall rise, Home in long-loved Zion.
 We're thronging home, &c.



- 3. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
 To wash away our sin;
 Both in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean;
 Singing glory, &c.
- 4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 And now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb;
 Singing glory, &c.

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

1. CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our infant song,

To celebrate his fame, Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah l

 Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased That children thus should sing;
 But Jesus owned their early praise,
 And we our praises bring.

Singing glory, &c.

8. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends,

Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;

Where saints departed, elothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. And hark! amid the sacred songs Those heavenly voices raise,

Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, dec.

8. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;

That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's ways.
Singing glory, &c.

4. This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5. Great God! impress the serious thought This day on every breast;

That both the teachers and the taught

May enter into rest.

Singing glory, de.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

When Jesus to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard.
 The little children owned his clam,
 And in his train appeared.
 Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujch

2. Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glery, &c.

3. O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracions and as good
As in the former days.

Singing glory, &c.

4. Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.



- 2. Ah! would you be among the blest,
 Who walk the golden streets,
 Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
 Or worship at his feet!
 Thea wander not from Jesus Christ,
 - The wander not from Jesus Christ,
 Nor go the path of sin,
 Lintil you find the cutes of woo
 - Until you find the gates of woe, And there must enter in. Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

Your teachers can not bear to think
 Those little feet shall slide
 Upon the dark and dreadful brink
 Of ruin's sweeping tide.
 Come to the Saviour, little ones,
 And with his own dear flock,
 He'll hide you when temptation comes,
 Safe in the elefted rock.
 Oh! meet me in keaven, &c.

Written and arranged for the Fourth Ward Mission, under the direction of Rev. W. C. Van Meter I ought to love my mother, She loved me long a - go, There is on earth no 2. When in my cra-dle ly-ing, Or on her lov-ing breast, She gen-tly hush'd my That ev - er loved me so. When a weak babe much tri-al And rock'd her babe to rest. When a - ny thing has ailed me, caused her, and much care; For me no self-de-ni-al, Nor la-bor did she spare. her I told my grief-Her fond love nev-er fail'd me, In find - ing some re - lief.

. For balance of words, see hottom of page 138.



- 8. A noble ship, our country dear, Has weathered many a gale-Yet now a storm beats so severe That many stout hearts quail; But One who rides above the storm Can save us from all ill; We only wait to hear his voice
 - Commanding "Peace, be still !"

4. O, Jesus I Master I hear, we pray, Remove the chastening rod; Let not our foes exulting sav, "There is no help in God." From threat'ning storms preserve our and Rebuke the winds and waves: And let us, one united bank Rejoice in God, who saves.



2. For she hath treasures greater far, Than east and west unfold. And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innoceace In picasure's paths to tread; A crown of grocy she bestows Upon the heary head.

Concluding Stanzas to "I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER," page 121.

3. What sight is that which, near me, Makes home a happy place, And has such power to cheer me? It is my mother's face. What sound is that which ever Makes my young beart rejoice With tones that tire me never! It is my mother's voice.

4. When she is ill, to tend her My daily care shall be; Such hope as I can render Will all be joy to me. Though I can ne'er repay ber For all her tender care. I will honor and obey her, While God our lives shall some





193 G4.—Two to the Measure.

MUSANNAH. Anthem.











2. I leve, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near,

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good in plone;
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

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